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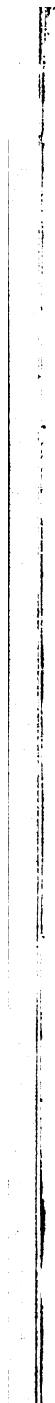


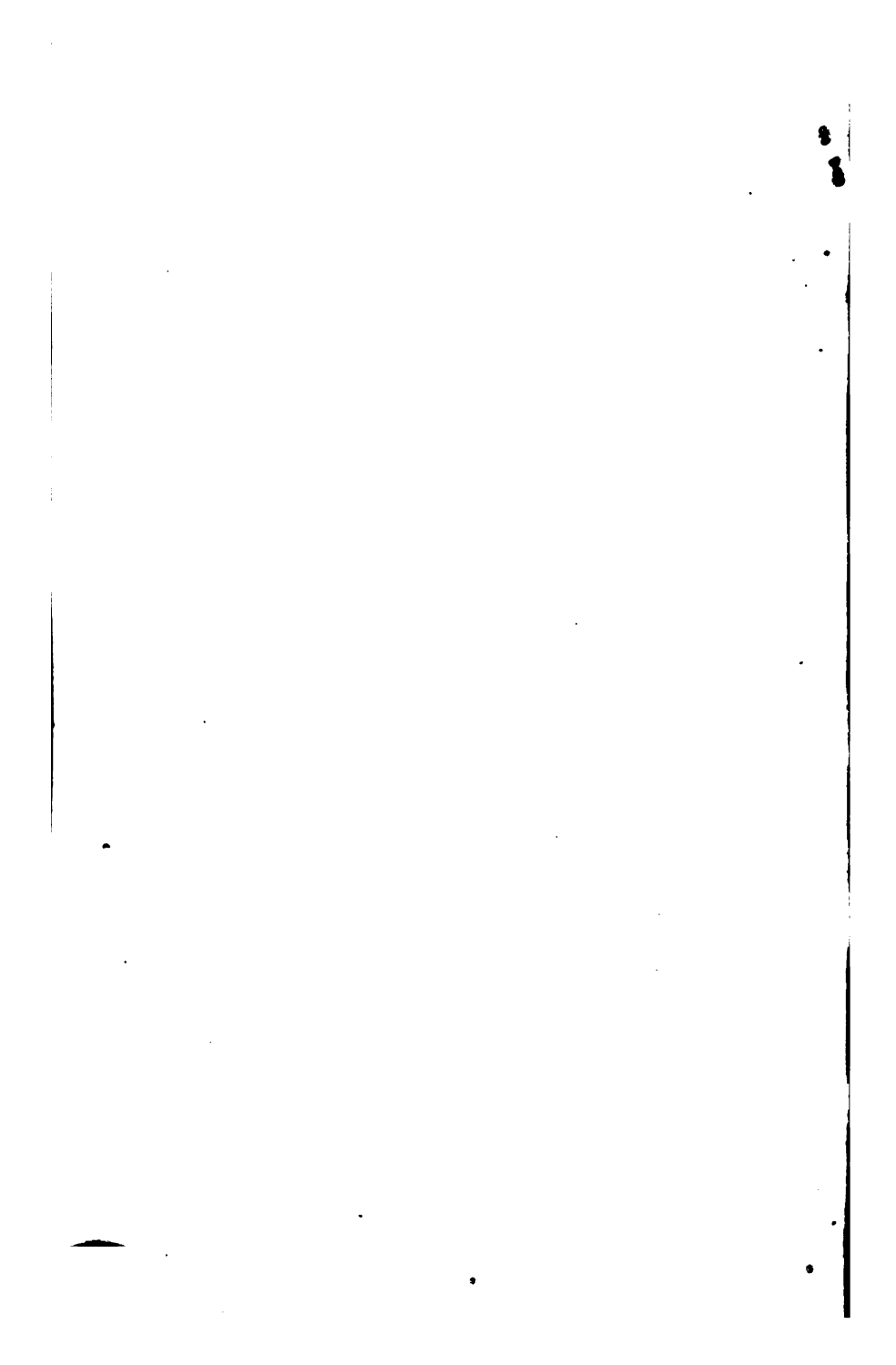
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1881  
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# Bashful Ballads

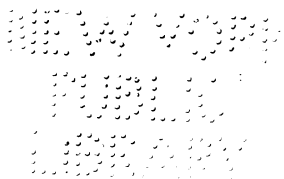
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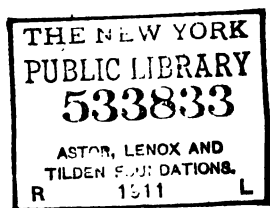


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Andrews

I further sez, Be you the cove that hove a rock at me?

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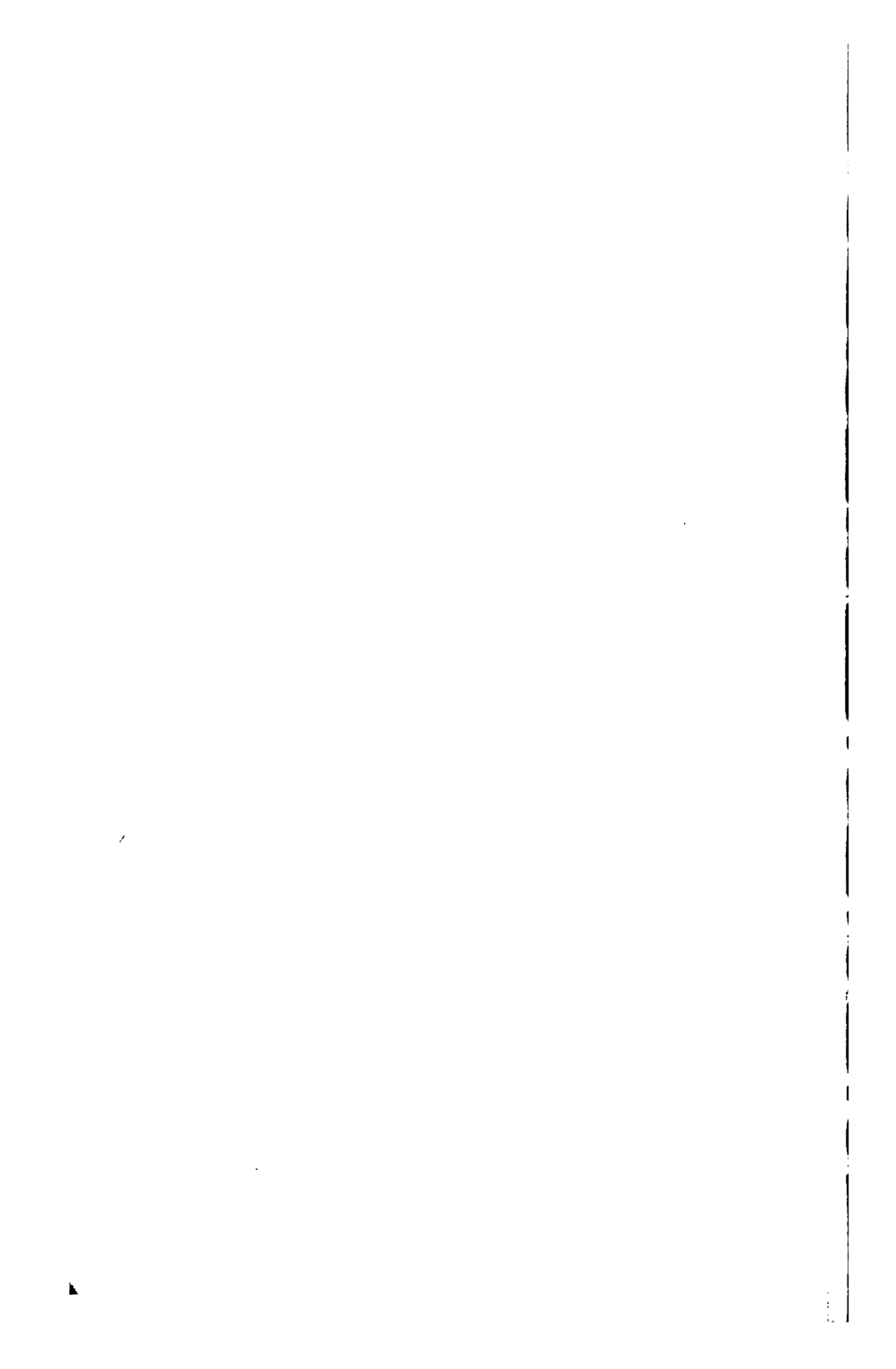
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1

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## PREFACE

As is well known among etymologists, or will be shortly after the appearance of this book, the word *bashful* is of uncertain derivation. The secondary, or common, use arises undoubtedly from the word's similarity to the root *bash*, v. i.—*to be ashamed*. In its primary meaning, however, it is undoubtedly from the Danish *baske*—blow, strike, drub; Swedish *bas*—beating; hence *bash*—to beat successively as on a drum: “He might soe well bashe uponne a tom tom untyl domesdaye”—Sweetzer, *An Olde Wyve's Tayle*. Hence, *bashful* properly comes to mean *full of rhythmic noise*. There seems to be little ground for the contention, Wittimore in his *Word Parentage* to the contrary, that our adjective *bashful*

derives from the Welsh *bash*, still current among the coal-miners, signifying *full of rubbish*.

For the rhymes in this book, almost without exception, the author is alone responsible. In justice to himself, however, he wishes to state that in preparing "A Bungle Ode" he was abetted by Mrs. Howard Kingsbury; that Mrs. Felicia Hemans collaborated on "The Boarding-house"; and that responsibility for "An Elegy in a City Backyard" rests equally upon the late Thomas Gray, Gelett Burgess, and himself.

A few of the verses herein relating to natural history previously appeared in a volume entitled "Beastly Rhymes," now out of print. Others first appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Life*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Harper's Magazine*, and grateful acknowledgment is due these periodicals for permission to reprint.

# **BASHFUL BALLADS**



## APOLOGY

I'd rather do rhymes of a morning betimes  
Than anything else on the gamut of crimes.  
Discursing with versing began with my nursing,  
And chasing a metrical thought as it climbs  
Is sweet, I repeat—why, e'en as I eat  
The chewing I'm doing quite lyric'ly chimes.  
Alas, what a pass! My head's a morass  
Of singular jingular meters en masse.

Nor do they retreat at the noise of the street,  
But tread through my head to the beat of my  
feet,  
The while each particular ruption auricular  
(Jars of the cars, or a hubbub vehicular)  
Falls into line, as though by design,  
To act as a dactyl or trochee of mine.  
Ah me, you can see by the force of my plea,  
How troublesome bubblesome meter may be.

One hint is enough for some stuff in the rough,  
And I promptly advert to my shirt-sleeve or cuff;  
A word I have heard that is odd, or a name  
That's odder, is fodder for feeding the flame.  
Also the vernacular adds a spectacular  
Shine to a line that were otherwise tame.  
This shows, I suppose, as far as it goes,  
A skill with the quill quite unsuited to prose.

And so, when I'm hit by a rhythmical fit,  
I rhyme against time, and I don't, I admit,  
Disturb with a curb any verbular bit,  
But build up upon it a sonnet or skit.  
I never expect its course to direct,  
But let it express its excesses unchecked.  
'Tis better than drinking, to my way of thinking,  
For others, not I, must endure the effect.

*Pray pardon this praise of my ways, but for days  
I've itched to be rich in reward for my lays,  
And maybe I might, so well I indite,  
If only I had some ideas when I write.*

## THE BASHFUL MAN

As I were standin' on the sand a-watchin' of the  
brine,

A hefty pebble hit me in the middle of my spine;  
And thar behind a dory pintin' nor-nor'west by south  
I found a blushin' feller with his finger in his mouth.

Sez I, "Be you a-hidin' here from accident er  
choice?"

An' I shook him by the riggin' jest to loosen up  
his voice.

I further sez; "Be you the cove thet hove a rock  
at me?"

He hemmed an' hawed awhile, an' chawed his nail,  
an' sez, sez he:

"I'm a werry, werry bashful man, as one might  
truly say;

I git embarrassed orful when a stranger looks my way.



So when I long fer doin's with my feller human  
kind,  
I'm much too shy to meet their eye, but soak 'em  
from behind.

"It's werry hard on me, indeed, to hev sich shrinkin'  
ways,—  
I've hed a bent fer argyment through all my live-  
long days.  
But when I think thet folks is wrong in anything  
they claim,  
I tell 'em so on postal cards an' never sign my  
name.

"I allers act on impulse, an' I love a lynchin'  
job;  
But I'm so shy I allers try to mingle in the  
mob;  
The thought of offerin' to treat jest scares me to  
the bone,  
So, though I'm friendly as kin be, I allers drink  
alone.

"So now," sez he, "I'm sure you'll see, from knowin'  
of my mind,

'Twas in a shyly playful way I lammed you from  
behind."

"I bear no grudge at all," sez I, "your tale is  
werry rum;

Your skin is much too thin," I sez, "it should be  
toughened some."

I tanned him with a dory thwart, I rubbed him  
in the sand,

I propped him up agin an oar, it tired him so to stand.

I chucked him neatly in the wet, I dried him in the  
sun;

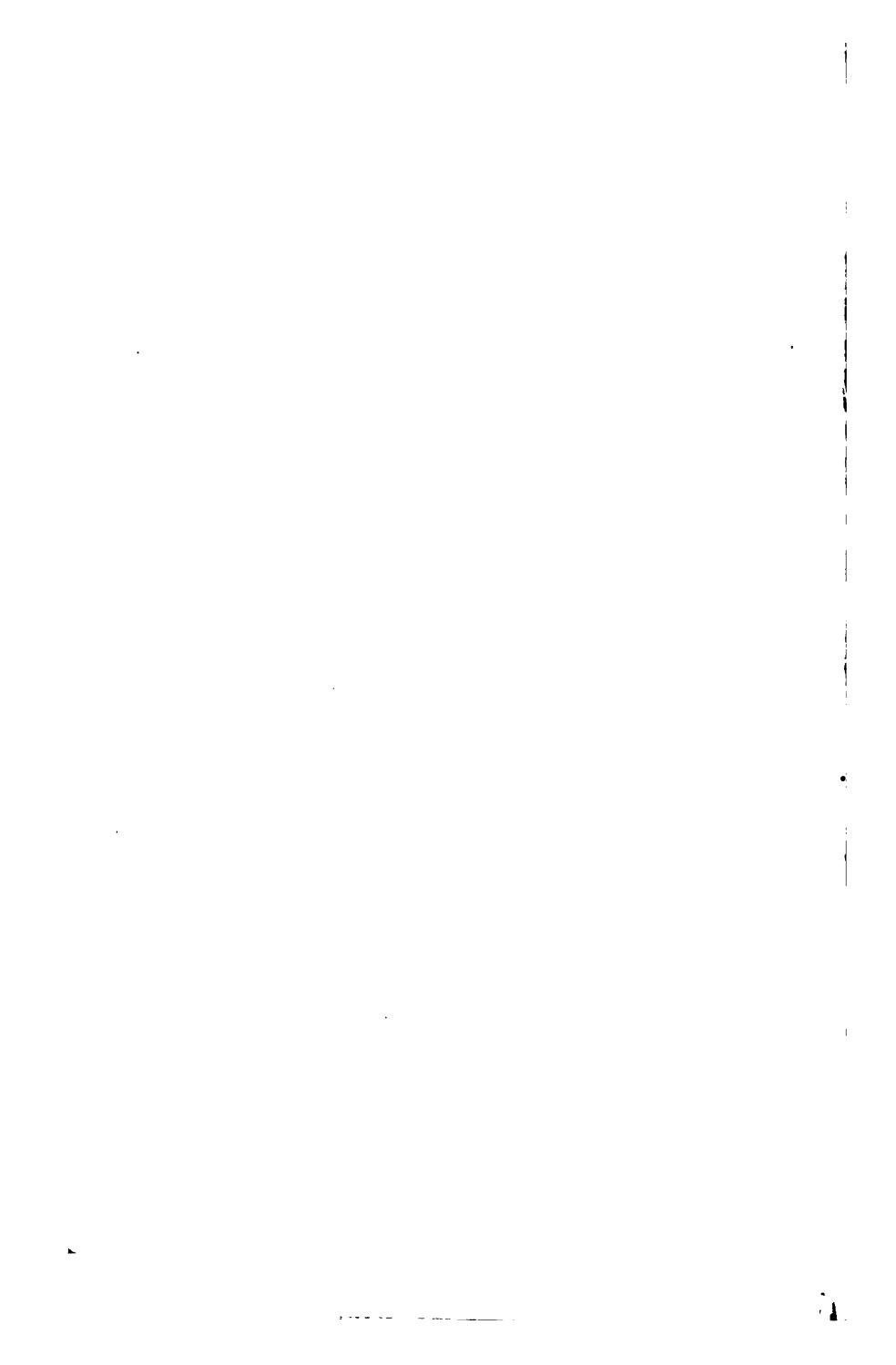
Sez I, "I'm sure 'twill be a cure, you'll thank me  
when I'm done."

We meet no more along the shore upon my daily stroll;

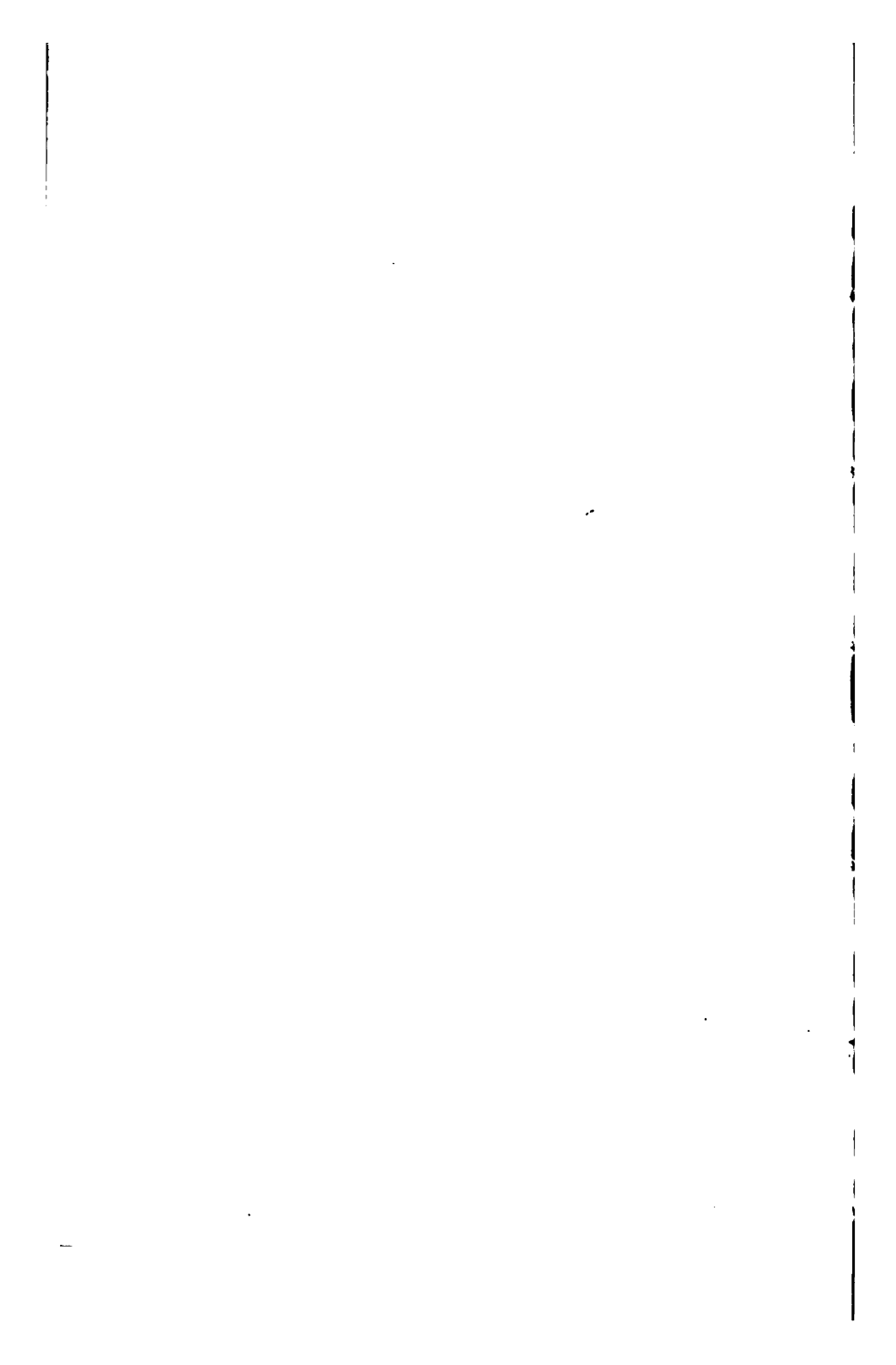
I like ter think I've ben a help to one pore mortal soul.

I sort of guess I cured him—er else I reckon he

Is so werry, werry bashful thet he keeps away  
from me.



*BALLADS OF THE SEA*



## THE WRECK OF THE *JUDY B.*

### A STORY OF LONG ISLAND SOUND

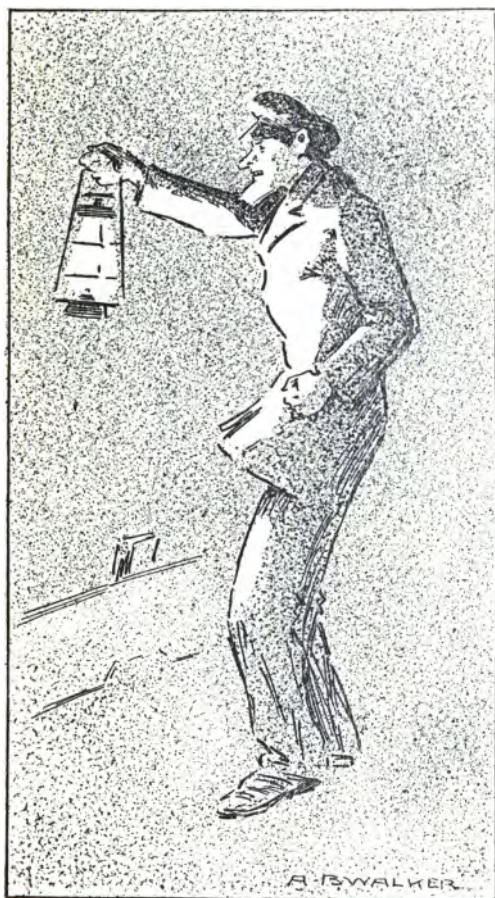
The air was full of stinging brine  
And the east wind hurtled free,  
When the tugboat captain cast a line  
To the deck of the *Judy B.*  
And the tugboat captain's brow was dark,  
And he cursed beneath his breath  
The owner's greed that would give no heed  
To a sailor's fight with death.

But the barge's skipper came abaft  
On the deck of the *Judy B.*,  
And harsh was the mirthless laugh he laughed,  
For an untaught man was he;  
"I'll no be towed in a sturm like this,  
And I'll no cast loose, the day!"  
And he shook his fist through the briny mist  
And spat in the angry bay.

The barge's skipper's daughter Nan  
    Stood close abaft of him,  
While the barge's skipper's daughter's man  
    Hove by with visage grim.  
And the b.s.d.m.'s faithful dog  
    Stood steady at the rail,  
Though a scared chagrin reflected in  
    B.s.d.m.d.'s tail.

But the tugboat captain clenched his hand.  
    "Come! Make the tow-line tight!  
For the owner says your load of sand  
    Must leave Cow Bay this night.  
And blow the wind howe'er she will,  
    Though hurricanes hold sway,  
Though we all be drowned in the seething Sound,  
    This night we're on our way!"

Manhasset's lights are far astern,  
    The seething Sound is near;  
The storm has set the bay achurn,  
    While the wind sings dirges drear.



AND HARSH WAS THE MIRTHLESS LAUGH HE  
LAUGHED





And the barge's skipper spake an oath—  
For a profane man was he—  
"Our board's awash, and I swear b'gosh  
We can no wi'stand yon sea!"

The Great Neck shore is full abeam,  
And the waves roll deck-house high,  
When the skipper cried, "We've sprung a seam!"—  
Wild fear was in his eye.  
Quoth the barge's skipper's daughter's man—  
Forsooth a silent lout—  
"I reckon we can't ship no sea  
Until some sand runs out!

"Fer there ain't no space on this here scow  
As big nor a inseck's hand,  
Nor there ain't a inch of her hold, I vow,  
What ain't filled tight with sand."  
But the barge's skipper's daughter paused,  
As she wound her clothes-line up.  
And she muttered "Hark!"—'twas a warning bark  
From the barge-etcetera's pup.

Forrard they crept to where the hound  
    Stood faithful to his trust,  
And the skipper shrieked, when the truth he found:  
    “St. Mike! The rope has bust!”  
Ah me, what a fearful plight was theirs—  
    Adrift in a roaring sea,  
Off a rocky shore with a crew of four  
    On the sand-barge *Judy B.*

A-through the seething Sound they swept,  
    Past many a villa'd shore,  
But what saw they of those lawns well kept—  
    They heard but the breakers' roar!  
And the barge's skipper bit his nails  
    (Small culture did he boast),  
For he knew their fate if they struck Hell Gate  
    Or the jagged Steinway coast.

But the skipper's maid was keen of sight,  
    And she peered through the heavy gloom;  
“Oh, feyther, what is yon moving light,  
    And the sound of that distant boom?”

"'Tis the boom o' the surf in Flushing Bay—  
Thank God, we are out of reach—  
And the lights afar be a trolley-car  
A-makin' toward old North Beach."

But once again the faithful hound  
Barked shrill—there came a shock!—  
And their bottom timbers crunched and ground  
On the point of a sunken rock.  
As hour-glass sands go sucking down,  
So their sand seeks the sea—  
Their cargo streams through the rending seams  
In the hold of the *Judy B.*

The barge's skipper's daughter's spouse  
(A silent soul, and grim)  
Clumb up to the roof of the frail deck-house  
And took his dog with him.  
Said he, "The tide is ebbin' fast,  
And I'll stay by the scow;  
Our load of sand's gone through her, and  
She's settin' on it now."

The skipper had seized the deck-house door  
To use it for a raft,  
When the *Judy B.* she plunged no more,  
But lay like an anchored craft.  
So he calmed his nerves, and with daughter Nan  
He clumb on the deck-house too,  
And there they stayed till the storm was laid  
And the morning sun shone through.

On a sort of a sand-pile Ararat  
Their ark was firm aground;  
And the skipper cried: "We've here begat  
An island in the Sound.  
And we'll raise our flag and we'll live right here,  
The boundin' waves amid,  
Till the city's paid for the land we've made;  
Then we'll buy a farm," which they did.

## THE OLD MARINE

"Yes, I were once a marine," said he,

"An' a most *remarkable* one.

An' you've little idee, from the looks of me,

Of the bravery deeds I done.

"But I stirred up sort of a jealous rage

In the buzzums of all the rest,

Till I had ter resign fer the good of the line,

As the admiral thought were best."

"But it isn't an admiral's job," said I,

"To tell a marine to skid!"

He started slightly and answered politely,

"This kind of an admiral did.

"And you've no idee of the things," he said,

"I seen in my long campaign,

From Mindaneco to Chiny and Rio

And all through the swamps of Spain."

"There ain't any swamps in Spain," said I.

He answered in tone serene,

"Hev I got ter explain there's mor'n one Spain,

An' there's swamps in the one I mean?

"But speakin' o' swamps—in the Philippines

The mud it comes down in showers,

And you'd certainly laugh ter see the giraffe

I rode fer his wadin' powers."

"Giraffes in the Philippines?" I cried—

Perhaps I was too abrupt,

For he sorrowfully sighed and at length replied,

"A gent doesn't interrupt.

"But speakin' of beasts—in the 'Stralian bush

Is a thing called a Pattyplus;

One-half of it's bird, an' the rest—my word!—

Looks terrible much like us.

"It can throw a stick called a rangaboom

With sech a peeculiar swing

That the thing it hits has curious fits

And runs around in a ring.

"But speakin' of runnin' around," said he,

    "When you come to the isle of Guam,  
The women you meet ain't got any feet,  
And yet they is brave an' calm.

"An' my buzzum bleeds fer their helpless state,

    Fer none of 'em ever begs,  
So I asks your aid fer a fund I've made  
    Fer buyin' 'em wooden legs."

"But I am a native of Guam," I said,

    And he growled, as he shuffled by,  
"I've wasted enough of expensive guff  
    On such a cheap sort of a guy."



## MAROONED

### A BALLAD OF THE BRAGGART CAPTAINS

As I was riding along the shore  
I came to the town of Battledore,  
Whose turbulent coast of sand and rock  
Encircles the Bay of Shuttlecock.

Hard by the church where the road dips down  
To the ancient wharves of the little town,  
I came on a group of grizzled tars  
A-gazing through old binoculars.

"Avast!" I cried (I was ever fain  
To meet with men on a common plane).  
"Is a boat ahoy that is heaving nigh,—  
Or what is the reason you pipe your eye?"

They turned at that, and they looked me o'er,  
Those silent sea-dogs of Battledore:

Said one to another, "I reckon that  
He wants ter know what we're lookin' at."

They whispered a moment, with nod and frown,  
Till one of them turned and remarked: "Set down!  
Yer a stranger here and yer mind don't splice  
Ter no sort of local *prejudice*,

"And we'd like ter larn how ye look upon  
The deed we hev recently ben and done."  
"Belay," I answered. "Your yarn unfold!"  
And this is the tale that their spokesman told.

"Cap'n Reub Pearce of Battledore  
Lived man an' boy on this very shore;  
A peaceable man—when his hands was tied—  
But freighted a bit too much with pride.

"Just over the street, not fur away,  
Old Cap'n Fish's anchorage lay.  
The ca'mest moorin's ye ever see,  
This town of Battledore uster be,—

"Thar never was anchor-draggin' gales  
Ter start us stovin' each other's rails  
(Except fer sech leetle squalls as come  
As a matter of course in a man's own hum),

"Till Cap'n Fish and his neighbor Pearce  
Got started squabblin' suthin' fierce.  
They each was able an' peart an' fit,  
An' I reckon jealousy started it.

"But we got so sick of their daily howl,  
An' their lengthy yarns an' their cryin' foul,  
We formed a committee on ways an' means  
Fer pintin' their bows to some other scenes.

"Now, Pearce was strong on a distance swim,—  
Er so we all of us larnt from *him*!  
But Fish he vummed he could set th' pace  
Fer Reuben Pearce in a swimmin'-race.

"Last Sunday noon when we all was hum,  
Waitin' fer dinner-time to come,

Old Cap'n Fish clumb over the rocks,  
Drippin' wet in his pants an' socks.

"An' he vowed he'd swum in a bee-line track  
Clear out ter th' Four-Mile Shoal an' back.  
Th' Four-Mile Shoal, y' must understand,  
'S an island with nawthin' aboard but sand.

"We was all polite, an' we sorter tried  
Ter keep from sayin' we thought he lied.  
But Pearce piped up, an' he sez, sez he,  
'Did yer leave a record thet folks could see?'

"'You bet!' sez Fish,—'With this very hand  
I wrote my initials on th' sand.'  
Then he turned away, kinder dignified,  
And hurried hum whar his pants was dried.

"Thet very night thar was quite a group  
A-settin' around Cap Tibbitt's stoop,  
When up come Pearce, with his shirt soaked through,  
An' he sez, sez he, 'I hev swum thar too!

“‘An’ ef some one doubts, I kin stop his gab,  
Fer I wrote “R. P.” on a horseshoe crab.’  
Then Fish sez, ‘Huh!’ an’ they started in,  
Till we all got sick of them fellers’ din.

“Fer nary one of us neighbor folk  
Ever see one of ’em swim a stroke.  
An’ we decided thet fer a fact  
The time hed came when we’d got ter act.

“Last Monday mornin’ we took them two  
In a dory-boat with a chosen crew,  
An’ we rowed ’em out ter them four-mile sands,  
Whar we put ’em off; an’ we shook thar hands,

“An’ we left ’em a pair of mutton-chops  
Fer a final meal, an’ a few gum-drops.  
An’ we bound ourselves by a solemn oath  
We’d none of us rescue ’em, one er both.

“An’ we sez, ‘Now scrap till yer throats is hoarse,  
An’ then ye kin both swim home, of course.’”

The spokesman paused, and he aimed his glass  
Out where the stately vessels pass.

Gravely that group of silent tars  
Passed around the binoculars.  
And I strained my eyes, 'neath a shading hand,  
Toward the faint mirage of an isle of sand.

At length one solemnly shook his head—  
“Thar’s six days gone, an’ I bet they’re dead!”  
I looked at them, and they looked to sea,  
And then they silently turned to me.

And I spake the truth that my heart descried,—  
“It was justifiable homicide.”  
Then I took up my journey along the shore  
Away from the village of Battledore.

## THE FLIGHT OF THE CLAMOPLANE

### A BALLAD OF COW BAY

From the outer end of the village dock  
We dandled our idle feet,  
And the cap'n volleyed some bits of rock  
Far out toward the pleasure fleet.

"There isn't a lugger behind them lights,  
Nor a yacht in the whole dum bay  
I couldn't 'a' bought if I'd hed my rights,"  
He said in his artless way.

"Yaas, sir, by Gum, I am sayin' trew—  
If only I'd hed my rights  
I mightn't of known the likes of you,  
From my mansion on the heights.

"I'd 'a' hed two vally de shams er more,  
An' a garidge painted green,

An' an iron stag an' a pergalar,  
An' a nifty limoseen."

He shifted his chaw to his other tooth,  
While I dared no word of doubt,  
For I knew that he frequently spoke the truth,  
And I knew that the tale would out.

"'Twas long before I hed bought my farm,"  
The cap'n remarked at length;  
"I was luggin' clams amid storm an' carm,  
An' gaining my puppy strength.

"I married a wife thet was young an' strong,  
A girl with a might of sand,  
An' she an' the kid would come along  
An' frequently lend a hand.

"One day we happened along the shore  
On a house-boat wanderin' loose,  
An' I lifted a couple of frills er more  
Fer the wife an' the baby's use.



"An awnin' strung on an iron rig  
Jest fitted my sun-baked craft,  
An' a chugger engine looked neat an' trig,  
So I fastened it shipshape aft.

"An' there we was with our thin plank scow  
Fer cruisin' around Cow Bay,  
But fitted up, as you must allow,  
In a most luxurious way.

"I mind me well of a day that came—  
It was muggy-like an' cold,  
But we'd planned fer a sort of picnic game,  
'Cause the kid were five year old.

"An' we chugged away fer the open Sound,  
Though the clouds was scuddin' fast,  
With little idee whar we was bound  
Till Barker's Point was passed.

"Then the waves got high an' the wind she rose  
An' under our awnin' roared,

An' we drove some nails through the baby's  
clo'es  
To fasten her tight aboard.

"The gale swooped down an' it carromed up  
An' stiffened with every hour,  
An' our awnin' filled like a shallow cup  
With a terrible liftin' power.

"I seen the chances if nothin' gave,  
An' I yelled to my wife, 'Sit tight!'  
No sooner said than we topped a wave  
An' launched on our trial flight.

"'Now out with the forrard sweep,' I screamed,  
'An' wiggle it like a tail!'  
An' we kept her trim while the baby streamed  
Astern by a single nail.

"We shaved the tip of the Sands Point Light,  
When the wind took an inward slew,

Entitled thus:  
Didactylus,  
Or A-i Arctopithicus.

That name, I guess,  
You will confess,  
Would render you ambitionless!  
So, goodness knowth,  
That's why I'm loath  
To cast aspersion on the Sloth.

*BOOKISH BALLADS*



## THE MODERN BOOK AD.

Hark! A thousand voices crying, "Come, good folk,  
and be a-buying,

Take a book home to your baby or your spouse;  
Just exactly what is in it doesn't matter for a minute,  
But a book's a handy thing about the house."

"Buy this pink-and-purple cover! Not an up-to-  
date book-lover

Is without it, for the author's ten years old;  
Seven weeks before 'twas written (and he wrote it  
at a sittin'),

Forty-seven thousand copies had been sold!"

"Look at this," cries out another, "buy this 'Letters  
to My Mother.'

The author is anonymous, they say;  
And criticisms recent say that Chapter Twelve's  
indecent,

And the clergy are protesting every day!"

"Please buy this," a voice is pleading, "if perchance  
you tire of reading,

The puzzle-pictures sure will make a hit;  
There are maids of divers ages on as many different  
pages—

If you guess which one is Bridget, you are it!"

"Buy My tome, all clad in vellum! (see how rapidly  
I sell 'em,

Though art is long and times are very hard)  
It's a limited edition—take it home upon suspicion—  
It was done into a book in my backyard."

"Here!" they cry in dreadful babel, "this would  
suit your parlor table;

In calf 'twould cost you only a few groats!  
See That Hump? It keeps the leather very closely  
held together,

S. H. M. is on the Binding, and It Floats!"

Though I'm glad to know the ages of a few preco-  
cious sages

Whose novels voice strange views of history;

And I'm really quite excited to learn a book's indited  
By a man who takes no sugar in his tea.  
Though I read with vim surprising all this modern  
advertising,  
Which turns an author's fireside inside-out,—  
I admit an inclination, as I buy the last sensation,  
To learn just what the contents are about!



## TASTE FOR LITERATURE

The goat a learned soul is he!  
He takes a tome upon his knee,  
And be it ever so profound,  
In rarest lore though it abound,  
Expounded by some ancient sage,—  
Yet he'll devour it page by page  
With careless mien and free.  
Were I a Goat 'twould make me gloat  
In glee!

For as the matter stands with me,  
I delve in books unceasingly;  
Yet some I read, of vast portent,  
And never know just what they meant.  
I fear (with sorrow be it said)  
My stomach's stronger than my head—  
A dreadful way to be!  
That's why I'd gloat, were I a goat,  
You see.

The Goat a cultured taste has he,  
And catholic as it can be.  
Through libraries he'll browse with zest  
And find no works he can't digest.  
Though nowadays there's stuff that's writ,  
Would give a goat a coughing fit,  
Or so it seems to me.

But ah, the Goat a husky throat  
Has he.

With clever perspicacity  
I've learned a thing that startled me.  
Since I myself have writ a book  
I scan reviews with anxious look—  
And all the papers that I read  
Have hired a goat to do the deed—  
'Tis true as true can be.  
And much I've wrote has smote some goat,  
Or stuck, I fear, within his throat—  
Ah me!

## RECIPE FOR POEMS

Find first thy meter. If the task be hard  
Consult thy Keats and Shelley—in them is  
Some measure that will suit a busy bard,  
(’Twas “Adonais” I used in writing this!).  
Then, if thy rhythmic feeling run amiss,  
Heed thou the ticking clock—it may transfer  
Those beats from out its cranial abyss  
All choked with wheels, to where thine own works  
whirr—  
Then sit thee calmly down before thy typewritér.

Seek next thy subject. Let the matter be  
Not as a stranger, but some old, old friend,  
As “Death,” “A Daisy,” “Spring,” or “Con-  
stancy.”  
Then for thy rhyming dictionary send,  
For oft its echoing columns hap to lend

A few poetic thoughts to him who gleans.

And keep in mind until the very end—

That line is best if none know what it means.

Thus do the poets write their verse for magazines.

## A MAGAZINE POEM

My spirit drank of ecstasy and tears

In that far day when dawn lay on the slopes;

My bosom undulated with the hopes

That Bab el Mandeb felt before Algiers,

Or e'en made grim Protagonistes smile.—

(I guess that ought to hold 'em for a while.)

And all the eyes of Nature seemed to dart

Fond glances o'er the welkin to my feet,

As though her soul distilled its essence sweet

Into the groveling goblet of my heart

And gleamed and glinted with a gracious glee,

And every other way that starts with G.

But then came Night. Great Grief, how it was dark!

And e'en, eftsoon, perchance, ah me, forsooth,

No candle-bearing Pfthytys showed the Truth,

Or heav'n-high Prophylactus shouted Hark!

Till my bemaddened mind would sometimes think—

And sometimes not. My Soul! I've drunk the ink!

## GNATS

Whenever you have met a gnat  
And laid him low with hand or hat,  
Or fanned at him this way and that,  
And cursed such creatures,  
I'll vow you've ne'er looked closely at  
His salient features.

He has a shrewish sort of face,  
A glance demure, with just the trace  
Of an impertinent grimace  
Which, after all,  
You must admit is out of place  
In one so small.

And looking closer, I've descried,  
When lesser gnats are by his side,  
Or midgets, he assumes a stride,  
And never mellows.  
He has a most vainglorious pride  
'Mid smaller fellows.

The fact that folks like you and me  
Would notice him at all, you see,  
Quite turned his little head, till he  
    Lost all perspective;  
He's quite puffed up with vanity  
    At our invective.

Ah me, it often is the fate  
Of little bosoms to inflate  
And grow, toward those of like estate  
    Quite proud and testy.  
That they can e'en annoy the Great  
    Has made them chesty.

My son, if you've a pointed pen,  
And want to use it now and then,  
There are no ways within my ken  
    To make Fame love you,  
So bad as jabbing fellow-men  
    Who loom above you.

## AGAINST RAISING THE POSTAL RATE ON MAGAZINES

O Government of our fair land,  
Which wisely frames our postal laws,  
Before thy gates an earnest band,  
The periodic Poets, stand  
To plead an humble cause.

The poets of the magazines  
Pray heed, in framing thy design!  
Observe the patches in our jeans,  
Protect our all too slender means,  
Our thirty cents per line.

Ten thousand of us in array  
March bravely 'neath Euterpe's banner;  
One thousand from the U. S. A.—  
From Golden Gate to Casco Bay—  
The rest from Indianner.



An emblem of thy power benign  
We see, and pause before we lick,  
On each adhesive stamp of thine,  
Behind its innocent design,  
Thou placest a big stick.

And wouldst thou make thy income greater  
In ways convenient or methodical,  
By raising rates on our creator,  
That Moral Force, that Mind Inflator,  
The mighty Periodical?

As in the business of the Great,  
It always is the smallest cuss  
Who pays increased taxation rate,  
So we can see the hand of Fate—  
This will come out of us.

Thy task is noble and immense,  
O watchdogs of our Treasury;  
Chop through the forests of expense—  
Railways, and rural routes, and rents—  
But, Woodmen, spare our tree!

## OLDE ENGLISH BALLAD

Three knights ryd out of the forest glades,  
With a *hey down derry, derry down dey!*  
And one was black as the ace of spades,  
With a *down hey down, and a derry down dey!*  
And one was white as he well could be  
Syn he ryd him out of the mud countree,  
And one was ryding a toy gee-gee,  
*Fol de rol, de riddle de rol de ray!*

Now the knight as black as the ace of spades,  
With a *hi non noni, no nonny hey!*  
And the white knight soiled in the forest glades,  
With a *ho nonny noni, non nonny hey!*  
They fought with the one on the toy gee-gee  
And they licked the boots clean off of he—  
(You must sing this verse in a minor key)  
*Fol de rol, de riddle de rol de ray!*

And the two that were left whipt out their blades,

With a *hey down derry, no nonny hey!*

And each sent each to the land of shades,

With a *hi non nonny, derry down dey!*

And that was the end of the ryders three.

What terrible tommyrot ballads be!

And nonny and derry mean nothing to me,

So *whim wham whaddle oh! Strim stram straddle oh!*

*Heigh ho et cetera rol de ray!*

***BACHELOR BALLADS***



## THE LITTLE YANKEE COLLEGE

Since the world was first created there has been some  
wear and tear,  
And little wheels have slipped their cogs, or rusted  
here and there.  
So God He built the Yankee, lank and odd to look  
upon,  
But fit to do the little things that needed to be done.

The Yankee did his duty, but he noticed now and then  
The wages that were offered by the devil unto men.  
So, lest his children's children be lured and led astray,  
Said he, "I'll build them temples that will flout the  
devil's pay.

"I'll carve my high commission into tablets made  
of stone—  
Let the spirit be the Master's and the workmanship  
my own."

Firm of will, the Yankee builder did his work and  
went before,  
And the little Yankee college acts as his executor.

The little Yankee college, it is shadowed now and  
then

By mightier machinery for educating men,  
But we seem to hear that builder's ghostly whisper,  
"I opine

The little mills grind fewer grains, but grind 'em  
extra fine."

The little Yankee colleges, God bless them, heart  
and soul—

Each little lump of leaven that leaveneth the whole!  
What need of mighty numbers, if they fashion, one  
by one,

The men who do the little things a-needing to be  
done?

## THE BOARDING-HOUSE

The gnashing teeth bit hard  
On a firm and rib-bound roast,  
And the boarders 'gainst a table scarred  
The leaden biscuit tossed.

And they frowned with inward storm  
As they scanned the dishes o'er,  
And recognized in a chowdered form  
The things they'd seen before.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
Stirred by the trumpet's yell,  
They came at the yearn of empty tums  
And the sounding supper-bell.

Amid the meal they sang  
Small tales of tardy ones,  
And eyed with ill-concealéd pang  
Each other's sauce and buns.



A dame in watered silk  
Who sat beside the urn,  
Smiled coldly as she thinned the milk  
And doled to each in turn.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that hungry group.  
Why had they come to wither there  
And mumble o'er their soup?

There was woman's hungry eye  
Seeking an extra roll;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high  
Guarding the sugar-bowl.

What sought those reaching arms?  
Fat pickings 'mid the dearth?  
The wealth of seas—the spoil of farms?  
They craved their money's worth.

Save here a stain of broth  
And there a gravy trace,  
They left a barren, crumbless cloth  
Within that boarding-place.

## A POET'S FIRST EFFORT

To tell thee of my lasting love  
I send this to thee, dear,  
To say that throughout all my life  
I've ne'er found maid so—queer  
—drear  
—peer—

Of course,  
I've ne'er found maid thy peer.

I love to gaze into thine eyes,  
Those windows of thy soul,  
So full of tender meaning, love,  
Like to a—battered roll  
—ton of coal  
—distant goal—

To be sure,  
They are my distant goal.

I love to clasp thy little hand,

I cannot let it fall;

Your shapely, tender little arm

Is like a—parasol

—worsted shawl

—musket ball

—garden wall—

Just what your little arm is like,

I cannot now recall.

I love the music of thy voice,

I'd listen to it long,

I often think its gentle tones

Are like a—dinner-gong

—something wrong

—angel's song—

Yes, yes,

Are like an angel's song.

Thy wavy hair, thy cherry lips,

Thy merry, silvery laugh;

But more than all, thy graceful form,

'Tis like a—thin giraffe

—brindle calf

—turning-lathe—

You know just what I want to say,

I can't express it half.

And so

I send these verses to you, Love,

I hope that they will take;

For if you should accept my suit

I'd have a—stomach ache

—griddle cake

—Irish wake

—garter snake—

I fear that I can rhyme no more,

I'll stop it for your sake.

## IN EDEN

Cupid's getting sere and yellow,  
    Passing years new wrinkles leave—  
Ah, he was a happy fellow  
    When young Adam courted Eve!

Oh, those happy days in Eden—  
    One could whisper any bluff,  
Sure of finally succeeding,  
    If he whispered long enough.

He could vow in terms veracious,  
    Ne'er had he loved maiden more,  
Nor in all that garden spacious,  
    Ever kissed a girl before.

If she said she loved another,  
    In a manner coy and sweet,  
Glad to have him for a brother—  
    He'd suspect her of deceit.

If he, kneeling, sought to rouse her—  
Even Eve was hard to please—  
Lucky fellow knew his trouser  
Wasn't bagging at the knees.

Cupid's getting old and wrinkled,  
Passing years their traces leave,  
Since the days when Venus twinkled  
Down on Adam courting Eve.

## A COQUETTE

The slyest of wiles was her shyest of smiles,  
So I hardened my heart to resist,  
And I sought to despise that glance of her eyes  
And those lips that a saint would have kissed.  
But tears on her cheek made my prudence turn weak,  
And I hurried to comfort her woe—  
'Twas then I was lost, and I found, to my cost,  
She had more than one string to her bow.

Yes, dangerous wiles were her innocent smiles,  
And eyes that a sunbeam had kissed;  
And hope there was none when the sinner had done  
What never a saint could resist!  
But joys all depart in my sadness of heart,  
And life no more pleasure can bring—  
Ah, sore is my grieving! that maiden deceiving  
Has more than one beau to her string.

## A MEMENTO

Sweet Edith, is the summer through—

Those days of happiness with you?

They seemed to vanish with a rush.

Shall you forget me in a day?

I would not have it chance that way,

And so I send this bristle brush.

Perhaps the one who shares with thee

That swing beneath the chestnut-tree,

The one who dares those sleeves to crush,

And steal a kiss, that fellow rash

May wear a beard or soft mustache—

That's why I send this bristle brush.

When in that hammock 'neath the trees,

And swinging in the merry breeze,

Sweet mem'ries rouse the mantling blush;



Then dream that hammock's clasp is mine  
And 'gainst those daring lips of thine  
Just press this little bristle brush.

Or when the dew is on the ground  
And deeper darkness gathers round,  
While bedtime brings its wonted hush,  
Then standing on the bottom stair,  
That soft cheek framed in truant hair,  
Just rest against this bristle brush.

## FAR BETTER

We played at poker, she and I,  
I fear I was her debtor.  
The limit of my wealth drew nigh—  
I cared not, though she bet me high;  
I loved but one—the bettor.

I bluffed and went a reckless sum,  
Assured that loss beset her.  
She met my bluff with laughing eye,  
(I wish I held that hand, thought I)  
And went me one the better.

The game she played was full of guile,  
And yet I basely let her.  
She won her every bet from me,  
Yet what cared I, because, you see,  
'Twas I that won the better.

## A BASHFUL VALENTINE

Cupid, stern, imperious, bids me write to greet her,  
And for once be serious in a merry meter.

What's the use of keeping feelings on the quiet?  
Pale from lack of sleeping, thin from slender diet.

Truant thoughts are thronging ever from their duty,  
Think of her with longing, dazzled by her beauty.

From her dainty leather, to the hat above her—  
I'm so shy I'd never dare confess I—

For the life of me, I can't think  
of any rhyme here!

In the lines I drop her, shall I say what's nearest?  
Would it be just proper if I called her—

Dear me! I am completely at a  
loss for words.

I would quit this versin' if my heart were stouter;  
Tell it all in person, with my arm—  
Where in thunder is my rhym-  
ing dictionary?

Cupid's shot his arrow—Cupid never misses.  
(Is this page too narrow for a dozen—  
Good gracious! It is certainly  
time I stopped this rhyming business.

## YE TRUE-HEARTED SWAINE

He vowed hys love woulde mocke att fate, and laughe  
att anie teste—

Ah, Constancie, how raire a traite in anie human  
breaste!

For she was faire as Saintes above—

Nor Tyme nor Tyde coulde shake hys Love.

“I love thy waving flaxyn haire,” he pledd in accents lowe;

She mett hys trustyng Gaze and sware she’d nott  
deceive hym soe—

“’Tis false,” she syghed, “though now bedight  
Wyth flaxyn Haire, I’m balde att nyght.”

Ryght brauvly rose hee to ye Teste—“What care I,  
thenn?” quod hee.

“Thy damaske cheeke e’en love I beste”—she syghed  
right Sorrilie

And raised herr hed, wyth Pitie smote—  
Ye Damaske stucke upon hys coate!

Yett spake hee wyth unquenched fyre (wythal hee  
shooke beneth):

“Those beaming eyes my Love inspyre, and eke  
those pearlie teethe.”

She sobbed: “They’re boughten teethe, alas,  
And ye offe Eye is made of Glasse.”

Oddsdeath! Hys voice grewe hoarse wyth dredd—

“That God-lyke form?” quod hee,

“Ah, tell me not”—she bowed Her Hed, nor anie  
words spake shee—

Save eke to heave a lyttle sygh,  
And winke ye artificial Eye.

Thenn wyldlie lept hee to hys feete, and raysed hys  
hande above—

“I sweare that I woulde love thee, Sweet, an I knew  
whatt to love!”

**"All Fleshe is grasse," oftsoon he cryd,  
And then, forsooth, he uppe and dyde.**

**And whenn ye Autopsie was tryd, it puzzled all ye  
Doctors' witts,  
In learned serch of hys Insyde, to finde hys hearte  
in manie bitts.**

## WITH A BOX OF CANDY

Sweet are these trifles that I send, and yet

Time was I tasted and they seemed not sweet:

The brightest star in all the heaven set

By moonlight pales, and owns a full defeat.

And once my happiness was so complete,

*Mere* sweetness it was easy to forget:

Sweet are these trifles that I send, and yet

Time was I tasted and they seemed not sweet.

A drowsy horse that knew not whip nor threat—

A box between us on the buggy-seat—

And fed by fingers that one strove to get—

Who could do else but blindly eat and eat?

Sweet are these trifles that I send, and yet

Time was I tasted and they seemed not sweet.



## A TOAST TO CLAUDINE

Suppose that the ocean (forgive such a notion!)

Were naught but a vat full of wine.

And lads of each nation, at my invitation,

Sat down at its edges to dine.

I'd cry 'cross the table, "Rise, all who are able,

And pledge me, all ye who know how—

Though often your glasses may clink to the lasses

They'll ne'er ring so sweetly as now—

Here's How!

Skoel! Smike Froken Klaudine!

Dhrink wan drap to me swate-voiced colleen!

Gesundheit! or Prosit!

Each man as he knows it,

Drink deep to the dainty Claudine."

Suppose each good fellow got more and more mel-  
low

In pledging so lovely a name.

Till all of the babel slid under the table  
And left me alone in the game.  
Yet still would I stand there (suppose all the sand  
there  
Were peanuts and pretzels galore!)  
I'd drink up the ocean (Forgive such a notion!)  
And 'tween drinks I'd eat up the shore—  
And roar—  
“Hoch! für die liebsten Klaudine!  
The foinest colleen ever seen!  
Votr' santé! or Prosit!  
I care not who knows it—  
I've downed the whole world for Claudine!”

## THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
When the clock was striking the hour,  
And the lamp-post bright was a merry sight  
As it danced 'neath the old church tower.

And the load that I had upon me  
Was heavy for such as I,  
For myriad moons, like toy balloons,  
Played tag in a starlit sky.

And I looked on that lone policeman  
As one of my worst of foes;  
And the clock in the tower was striking the hour  
When I stood on the bridge of his nose.

## THE CULT OF THE POPPYCOCK

A pale Ahmee and a Poppycock  
They gat themselves to a bosky rock.  
Said he, "There's a stated hour, I find,  
For each pursuit of the human mind;  
As the tea-hour tolls for buttered rolls,  
So now is a time for swapping souls."  
And the Ahmee sighed, as she smoothed her  
frock,  
"'Tis a purple thought, dear Poppycock!"

"My mind, I find," said the Poppycock,  
"Is a crucial key to the cosmic Lock;  
'Tis largely due, I would fain aver,  
To the astral Is of the As It Were,—  
With the tensive strain on my limnal brain,  
As I grope for the scope of the It, in vain."  
"'Tis a passioned truth, but it brings a shock!"  
Purred the pale Ahmee to the Poppycock.

"Now as for me," mused the lithe Ahmee,  
"I sigh the most for the more I see.  
Though I yearn and yearn, as you well may wot,  
None heed my need of the Basic What,—  
Till you scented truth in my color tones,  
And caught the thought of our mingled zones!"  
"How wonder-deep is the blend!" cried he,  
"Of our atmospheres, dear twin Ahmee!"

Said the Poppycock to the pale Ahmee,  
"This rock shall live in history;  
For while our thoughts so swiftly throng,  
Let's plan for a most select salon,  
Where kindred souls may meet to woo  
The vague Perhaps of the mystic Who."  
"How sweet a thought, yet how fond and free!—  
'Tis a pale-pink plan!" cried the fair Ahmee.

The svelt Ahmee and the Poppycock,  
In evening dress and a lissome frock,  
And under a blood-red chandelier  
Spake jewel-words, now there, now here,—

Of Art, and Truth, and the End of More,—  
And the Boundless Since of the vast Before,  
And of those who came in a motley flock,  
Some cried Ahmeel and some Poppycock!

## THE PASSING OF THE AUTO-CRAT

The Auto-crat—oh, think of that!—he went a fearful pace;

He did not smile, though all the while he had a -mobile face.

He took no interest in man, yet sought the human race.

The Auto-crat—oh, think of that!—I never saw him laugh;

In wreckage strowed along the road he wrote his auto-graph.

A horrid smell were suited well to be his epitaph.

The Auto-crat—oh, think of that!—upon his dying day

The only word I overheard he hadn't auto say.

'Twas gasolene that brought about his sad auto-da-fé.

The Auto-cratic—oh, think of that!—his end was  
swift and sharp,  
I hope it hurt—'twas his desert—though I don't  
wish to carp;  
Perhaps he's in a sweeter land and plays an auto-  
harp.



## THE COMING AMERICAN

Perhaps when the sturdy ideal  
And the hanker for hunting and strife,  
Shall make universal appeal,  
And we all lead a strenuous life;

When the national forests have spread,  
And all of our States are "reserves,"  
We'll breed a new race in our stead,  
With neither wealth, culture nor nerves.

And over the wrecks of to-day,  
When Gotham's a sand-dune and slough,  
The Amerind, fiercely at play,  
Will chase the wild Alderney cow,



***BALLADS OF A HOUSEHOLDER***

## BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

Away with summer traveling  
To distant cool retreats,  
While tempers are unraveling  
In stuffy railroad seats.

When August days are sweltering,  
And addled tourists roam;  
I much prefer the sheltering  
Retreat of my own home.

I need no sea's adjacency,  
For (tell it not in Gath)  
I'm vested in complacency  
And seated in my bath.

Nor yet from mountain latitudes  
Need I remain aloof,  
For oft in lang'rous attitudes  
I'm resting on my roof.

I would not golf perspiringly  
While all my features scorch,  
For I can romp less tiringly  
At sweeping off the porch.

At tennis I've played doubles some,  
In pleasant linen lugs,  
But postures far less troublesome  
Are used when beating rugs.

You boast a breeze in birdie-land,—  
You vaunt those pipes of Pan's?—  
I hear a hurdy-gurdy, and  
I feel electric fans.

The forest is no Lorelei  
To chant a charm to me,  
For though it be immoral, I  
Prefer my own roof-tree.

## FOOD RHAPSODY

The grievous limitations  
Of the poet's intellect  
Began with this Creation's  
Early dawning, I suspect.  
And flowers and lambkins by the yard,  
And hearts and darts and spring,  
'Tis said the first prehensile bard  
Was ever wont to sing.  
Oh, why, in all the ages,  
Did never one allude,  
In fine, immortal pages,  
To the joys of Food?  
Though my Pegasus be lame,  
I will right this deadly shame,—  
I will substitute pure nerve for  
A true poetic fervor,  
Or I'll hire me a lyre,  
Just to sing the song of Food.

Food! fubsy Food!  
Let me sing in ardent mood  
Endless praises,  
Though my phrases  
Unpoetic be, and crude;  
Though the feet are  
Prone to teeter,  
And the versifying rude,  
What meter could be sweeter  
Than a song of Food!

The lily is so sweet, it may  
Stir poets loud and long,—  
But if they tried to eat it, they  
Would sing another song.  
Then why not sing of radishes,  
That bloom for me and you?—  
And though it somewhat saddish is,  
Oh, why not sing of stew?  
Tho' flowers and bowers and summer show-  
ers  
May suit a certain mood,

I'd spend a *few* poetic hours  
On useful Food!  
Handsome is as handsome does,  
Fairest flower that ever was  
Loses luster near a pumpkin,  
So upon my harp I'm plunkin',—  
For I'm longing to be singing  
As I brood upon my Food.

Food! raw Food!  
(Or boiled or fried or stewed),  
See it wait  
On the plate,  
Just waiting to be chewed.  
Who is tiring  
Of admiring,  
As its essences exude!  
Hot or not, oh, how inspiring  
Is the thought of Food!



## THE CAVIRABBIOBSTER

The Cavarabbiobuster is a captivating cuss,  
With an eye like an inland sea;  
With an appetite voracious and a massive maw so  
spacious  
That he doesn't draw the line at you or me—  
Whoopee! He'll butter you and dip you in his  
tea.  
Just as greedily he'll dish up in a stew a tramp or  
bishop,  
Mercy me!  
Quite catholic his taste, though his looks are lithe  
and chaste,  
He's a bulbous, bilious, bosky-looking, baffula-  
cious baste.

He comes upon you quietly, a-tossing on your  
bed,—

'Tis thus he has come to me,

And his features wan and pallid were the hue of  
lobster salad,

Welsh rabbits formed the skin of either knee,—

Whoopee! He was panoplied with pastry, cap-  
a-pie.

The effect of him is utter, and it does no good to  
mutter

Fiddle Dee!

For oysters, fried and raw, decorate his either  
jaw,—

This Cavarabbiobster with the hot-bread in his  
paw.

Have ye seen him, O my brothers, as ye kicked the  
clothes about,

When he came with a grin of glee?

And ye fainted, falling, falling, through his vasty  
void appalling,

To be grinded up in his machinery.

Whoopee! 'Tis a thing we don't sufficiently  
foresee.

Did ye wake the echoes, yelping, "Take away that  
second helping!"

Glory be!

Henceforth throughout my life I will hearken to my  
wife,—

Tea, temperance and toast, my boy, are good enough  
for me.

## SPRING DOG-ERAL

Oh, listen close for the voice of spring;  
Though faint and fine, 'tis the fairest thing  
That ever assailed the ear!  
Chilly winter may do for firs,  
But wait till the pussy-willow purrs,  
And the cows' lips lap the sap as it stirs—  
A delicate thing to hear!  
But truest tone of them all to me,  
I love the bark of the dog-wood tree.

With marshes flaunting a hundred flags,  
While every delicate cat-tail wags,  
What care I for city mews?  
Each blossom blows, like a far-off flute,  
And the wilder flowers their pistils shoot,  
While all the trumpet-vines tendrilly toot,  
Earning their honest dew.  
From a litter of leaves comes a sound.  
Ah-me!  
The shrill bough-wow of the dog-wood tree.

## A BUNGLE-ODE

There's a jingle in the jungle,  
    'Neath the juniper and pine,  
They are mangling the tangle  
    Of the underbrush and vine;  
And my blood is all a-tingle  
    At the sound of blow on blow  
As I count each single shingle  
    On my bosky bungalow.

There's a jingle in the jungle,  
    I am counting every nail,  
And my mind is bungaloading,  
    Bungaloping down a trail;  
And I dream of every ingle  
    Where I angle at my ease,  
Naught to set my nerves a-jingle,—  
    I may bungle all I please.

For I oft get bungalonely  
Mingling 'mid the human drove,  
And I long for bungaloafing  
In some bungalotus grove,  
In a cooling bung'location  
Where no troubling trails intrude,  
'Neath some bungalowly roof-tree  
In east bungalongitude.

Oh, I think with bungaloathing  
Of the strangling social swim,  
Where they wrangle after bangles  
Or for some new-fangled whim;  
And I know by bungalogic  
That is all my bungalown,  
That a little bungalotion  
Mendeth every mortal moan!

Oh, a man that's bungalonging  
For the dingle and the loam,  
Is a very bungalobster  
If he dangles on at home.

Catch the bungalocomotive;  
If you cannot face the fee,  
Why, a bungaloan 'll do it,—  
You can borrow it of me!

## THE OVER-DOING OF IT

When guileful infants mount my knee,  
And try if I be grave or tickly,  
And stroke my pate and fondle me,  
And spread the compliments too thickly:  
I say to them, "Aha!  
You cannot fool your Pa!  
What must I pay for this display?  
Come! Tell me what you're after, quickly."

When I was but a little lad,  
And blandishments would only bore me,  
The female relatives I had  
Would sometimes suddenly adore me!  
And then I'd think, "Aha!  
I'm younger than Papa,—  
But I'm so wise that I surmise  
You've got some chores and errands for me."



And there's a man you meet through life,  
Who in your presence loves to utter  
Undue endearments toward his wife,  
As, "Love—my Life! Pray pass the butter."  
And then I think, "Aha!  
You cannot fool your Pa!  
When I'm away you change your lay  
And doubtless beat her with a shutter."

If now and then my dog appears  
And fawns, and yearns to lick my features,  
And thumps his tail and droops his ears,  
With glance as sinless as a preacher's,  
I say to him, "Aha!  
You cannot fool your Pa!  
You've chased a hen!—Don't sin again—  
And *don't* act like us human creatures."

## MR. PITT'S HOUSEHOLD DISCOVERY

"My dear," said Augustus Adonirim Pitt,  
"Tis plain to us both that our cook is unfit.  
And (pardon my slang) we must give her the mitt.  
But ere you replace her I beg to propose  
A plan whose proportion continu'ly grows,  
Evolved by my brain, as its brilliancy shows.  
I have sometimes remarked that the age is at hand  
When our offsprings' horizons should greatly expand;  
They should broaden their minds in some alien land.  
To which you have always made gloomy retort  
Regarding finances—in short, that I'm short.  
If barred on such scores  
From those alien shores  
I propose that we bring them instead to our doors!  
Go forth, I adjure you, take time by the hair,  
Discharge Emma Susan, then hasten to where  
Good Mrs. Intelligence maketh her lair.

“Bring back, if you can, a Castilian retainer  
Who’s recently come from some city in Spain, or  
From Cuba, where Spanish is spoken much plainer.  
While I will buy books in the mean time that teach  
Us Spanish geography, customs, and speech.  
Dear wife, even now in my mind’s eye I see  
Yourself at my side and my children at knee  
All mentally traveling over the sea;  
While a servant in costume reveals what the soul is  
Of true Spanish life, while she serves our *frijoles*.  
When the usual month for a servant expires,  
Let an African maiden replenish our fires,  
And deftly prepare  
Some odd bill of fare  
While our thoughts are attuned by a Zulquesque air;  
The boys could play tom-toms, while I would anon  
go  
And ply her with questions regarding the Congo.

“Ah, madam, I picture us belting the world;  
Each month a new national banner unfurled,  
And, in our minds’ eyes, we are giddily whirled

Through Ireland and Denmark and realms Asiatic,  
While all of us master, in spirit ecstatic,  
New *linguas* with tongues become quite acrobatic."

In the eyes of his spouse  
He seemed to arouse  
A mute admiration; she sped from the house.  
And when all the children got home somewhat later  
They gladly set out for the bookstores with Pater.

It hardly befits  
My pen or my wits  
To lay *very* bare the affairs of the Pitts.  
Suffice it to say  
They began from that day  
To live in a radical, polyglot way,  
While curious neighbors remarked that a Nemesis  
Seemed monthly to smite every cook on the premises.

The time for the seventh excursion drew near,  
When, muffled in bed, Mr. Pitt said: "My dear,  
This traveling injures my stomach, I fear.

Chop-suey and rice  
I regarded as nice,  
Though oft I revolted at visions of mice;  
And chicken tomalis  
Prove dangerous follies  
When everything else is bedizened with spice.  
It sickens a person, no matter how well he  
Digests, to incessantly eat vermicelli.  
Hoe-cake, I admit,  
And ham on a split  
Were good, though the melons upset me a bit  
(That dusky South African proved an imposter  
From Kalamazoo, yet I grieved when we lost her).  
But the ultimate straw on my stomach is laid,  
I very much fear, by this Eskimo maid;  
Of all the procession I certainly dub her  
The worst! How can Christians subsist upon blubber?  
And ever since I  
Once chanced to descry  
Her drinking the oil from the lamps on the sly,  
I've started the stove every morn in the dark,  
Lest she should explode by inhaling a spark.

I fear that my scheme, although brilliant, was crude  
On its practical side, in the matter of food.  
If these cooks could have come, say in batches of  
three,

Serving alternate meals, you can readily see  
How much less destructive the diet would be;  
While blubber *per se* may be perfectly wholesome,  
Yet straight for a month it will sicken your soul some.  
Unless you can change it whenever you choose, you'll  
Suffer a lot from a diet unusual!

"But this food question ain't  
My only complaint—  
I've troubles enough to disgruntle a saint!  
For after my children and I have spent days  
On Ollendorf, Berlitz, and various ways  
For mastering grammar and accent and phrase  
To greet each new maid when she waited on table,  
It always transpired we were wholly unable  
To get through her head  
The phrases we'd read,  
And we couldn't translate any word that she said.

Though my scheme was a great one, I'm forced to  
admit

That something was wrong in the practise of it.

I humbly suggest that you get on the track

Of old Emma Susan and hurry her back.

And if she won't stay

In the usual way

Give her every night out and quadruple her pay."

Two morals belong

At the end of this song:

(1) *Don't travel unless your digestion is strong;*  
and

(2) *A masculine life*

*With sorrow is rife*

*Unless one leaves kitchen affairs to one's wife.*

## YE MORAL TALE OF YE PHYSICAL CULTURYST

Young Abel was a childe, I wot,  
Whose miene was grave and sage.  
'Twas plaine that he had thought a lott  
Despyte hys tender age.  
When onlie two, much tyme he spent  
On physical development.

Each morninge when he gat hym uppe,  
He'd give a merrie shout,  
And lyft hys small St. Bernard puppe  
And carrie hym about.  
Ye dogge was verie small at fyrst,  
But ate and grew lyke he would burst.

And though in tyme ye friendlie beast  
Grew myghtie bigge and talle,



It irked not Abel in ye leaste,  
It was so graduawl.  
Ye fulle-grown dogge younge Abel bore  
With careless ease when onlie four.

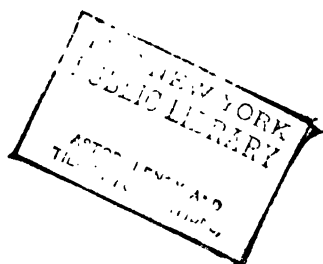
There came a caulfe upon ye farm,  
Quite younge and lene and spare;  
Each day childe Abel's sturdie arm  
Would lyft hym highe in air.  
By slow degrees, but sure as fate,  
Ye caulfe grew unto cow's estate.

Before ye lad attained to tenne,  
His spirit 'gan to pant  
For chaunce to fondle now and thenne  
A babie elephant.  
And when a friende supplyed ye lacke,  
Younge Abel bore it on hys backe.

Each day he deftlie held aloft  
Ye infante pachyderme,



AND LYFT HYS SMALL ST. BERNARD PUPPE AND CARRIE  
HYM ABOUT



The whyle hys spirit onlie scoffed  
To feel it kyck and squirme.  
As yere by yere ye creature grew  
Stout Abel's cheste expanded too.

I but record ye symple facts,  
And nowise doe imple  
That Abel's parents viewed hys acts  
Wyth a complaisant eye.  
But chyl dren who can tosse a cow  
Are chided sparinglie, I trow.

Thus waxed ye muscle on thys boy,  
As grows ye coral strande,  
And yet hys manhood gat no joy  
From power wythin hys hande.  
For whenne he raised a windowe-sash  
Ye everie pane was sure to smashe.

Whene'er he went to shutte a dore,  
And used noe force at alle,  
He'd pushe ye dore-sill off ye flore,  
Ye dore-frame through ye walle.

And if he pressed a ladie's waiste,  
Ye ambulance must come in haste.

Hys house was soone a broken place,  
Hys wyfe were earlie dede;  
Despaire was writ upon hys face,  
And bowed hys myghtie hede.

Ye moral is, that oft, my son,  
Are calysthenics overdone.

## ELEGY IN A CITY BACKYARD

*Written in collaboration with Gelett Burgess*

The tea-bell tolls for Nell to pass the tray,  
The glowing cook winds slowly up the clock,  
The ashman homeward wends his weary way,  
And leaves a trail of cinders round the block.

Now fade the dingy fences on our sight,  
And all the air is still, except, maybe,  
Where some street-organ, faintly through the night,  
Wafts "Holy City" and "The Bamboo Tree."

Save that from yonder sparsely slated roof  
A moping Tom doth moaningly complain  
(While other felines darkly hold aloof)  
That his Maria lucklessly was slain.

Beneath the shade yon dying pear-tree sheds,  
Where rest tomato cans on ashy heaps,

Where cast-off corsets line the pansy beds,  
The flattened form of poor Maria sleeps.

The wheezy call of milkmen in the morn,  
The cook's insistent, matutinal grouch,  
The scissors grinder's harsh and raucous horn  
No more shall rouse her from her weedy couch.

For her no more shall wave the threatening broom,  
Or busy housewife scat her from the chair,  
No children run to chase her from the room,  
Or pampered dogs besiege her in her lair.

Oft sought she out appointed rendezvous,  
In dalliance spent the fairest of her days,  
Or nightly studied, with her art in view,  
The acoustic properties of alleyways.

Oft did the predatory cur rejoice  
To drive her, quivering, up this lonely tree;  
How jocund did she raise nocturnal voice!  
How cursed the lodgers, kept awake at three!

Let not some groomed lap-cat e'er decry  
The humble realm of that backyard obscure—  
The battered gate, the clothes-line whence there fly  
The short and simple flannels of the poor.

The boast of Tortoise-shell, the pomp of Manx,  
The Persian, bearing pedigree profound,  
All dread alike the catcher's nimble shanks—  
The public highways lead but to the pound.

Full many a nightly prowler, gaunt and lean,  
Has filled this alley with his music rare;  
Full many a cat is born to howl unseen  
And waste his sweetness on the city air.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to him the sin,  
Who in his nightshirt did his window raise,  
And, hurling down his missile at the din,  
Ended the joyance of her heartfelt lays!

Returning from some animated bust,  
Back to his mansion, pale and sick at heart,



Maria's voice provoked his latent lust  
For blood; she fell a victim to her art.

Perhaps in this neglected form has been  
A soul that in Bubastis might have reigned;  
The Goddess Pasht have recognized as kin;  
Or ruled Kilkenny ere its glory waned.

Far from the madding crowd she was not fazed,  
The while her vagrom fancies made her stray  
Along the sequestered alley, where she raised  
The nightly noisy tenor of her lay.

For who, to grim insomnia a prey,  
That weird elusive being e'er could mark?  
Who has not raised his window in dismay  
And blindly cast some weapon through the dark?

Yet on some pavement, soon or late, there lies  
The cat who tortures slumber while she prowls;  
While from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
As some small urchin imitates her howls.

But Requies Cat, now that she is dead  
    (Nine times she died, and therefore quite deceased)  
Approach and read (with friends to hold thy head)  
    This touching tribute to the little beast.

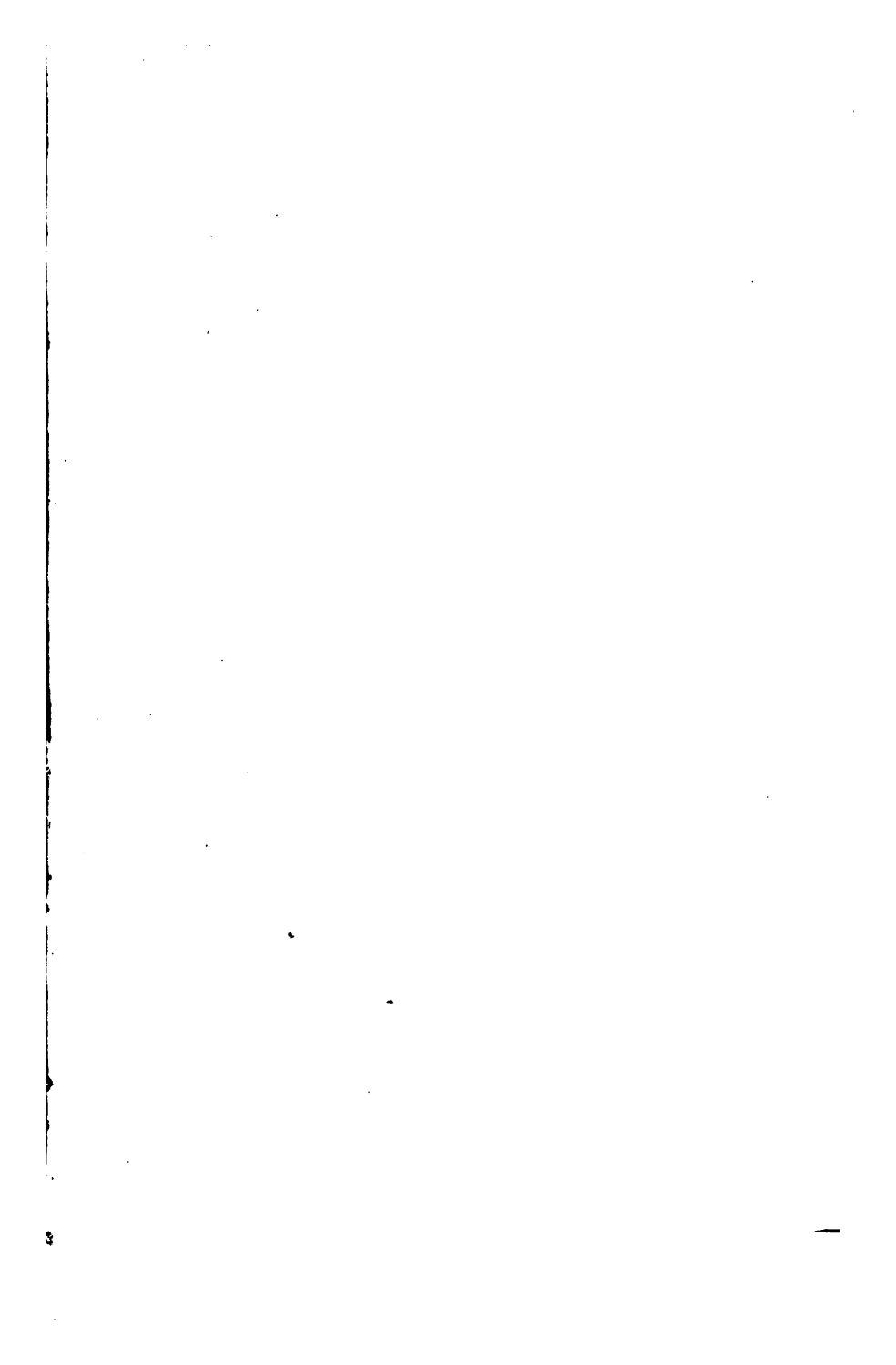
#### EPITAPH

Here lies poor Puss, with collar unbedight,  
    A homeless cat, a thing of skin and bone.  
Full-throated rose her swan-song on the night,  
    And now the dust-heap claims her for its own.

THE END

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MAR 10 1937

